

That dashing republican leader, brilliant orator and matchless debater, Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, has been chosen the leader of the minority of the house of representatives. Each party has its leader, and the brightest and quickest man in each party is usually chosen for a leader. There was quite a close vote between Frank Hiseock, of New York, and Mr. Reed, but the caucus thought the latter the safest and the ablest man and the lot fell to him. A telegram from Washington describes Reed as "the quickest, readiest, brightest, wittest, most lively man in the house of representatives." He is always on the alert, can anticipate evils, and is very clear and far reaching in penetration. There is many a democrat who knows how keen is his wit and cutting his sarcasm, and as a parliamentary leader he is well equipped with a cool head and thorough knowledge of all the tricks and twists of the rules." Reed is a tall man, awkward in his bearing, but he is a powerful leader when marshaling the republican forces of the house. It is said his voice can "penetrate the walls of a dungeon," and so high and sharp is his voice that it can be distinctly heard above any din and confusion that can be raised in congress. The democrats can't match him in these respects, and in others he is as able as any democrat in the house, so that the republican minority will be in safe hands under the leadership of this brilliant member from Maine.

it. The only person whom this singular dog seemed to dislike was an Italian baritone, who, seated at the piano, was playing a piece of music and a fine accompanist. The sight of this man would arouse all the dog's evil temper. At a large musical party Rosina's song was sung, and the dog burst into the drawing-room and rushed at the accompanist. A scene ensued, and the unfortunate man fled to his room. He was in the lower part of the house, but had in some way escaped from his confinement. Hearing the aria of Rosina, which always excited him so strangely, he had been unable to resist the temptation that belongs to a higher order of knowledge, to give forth his voice of disapproval in an unmistakable manner.

Swells of High Degree.  
(George Parsons Lathrop.)

The swell of today, though unworthy of admission into the ranks of the great, is an improvement on his predecessors. Nevertheless, it will be a great many years before he can evolve himself into a veritable swell of high degree. For there are none here but swells of low degree, and to attain a certain degree of consideration on account of their "swellness," no matter how vicious their mode of life may be. The late Prince Demidoff was a swell of high degree, though he was the late prince of Orange, half-apparent to the throne of Holland, and known in Paris and every European capital as "Citron," a sobriquet which he won by his yellow complexion. The late prince of Orange produces are swells by reason of their ancestry, education, breeding, and the position which their family has always maintained in France. The late prince-aristocrat of Orange, the prince of Wales as we call him in modern English "wildom," so widespread in the ambition in American society to belong to the "Prince's set." Our swells own no other name, and are the most proud and contemptible of them all, to their position.

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